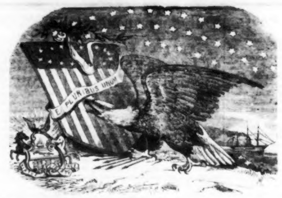
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1499.

Choice Poetry.

MY LOVE.

BY J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simple duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
Although she seem of other birth;
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman: one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which by high tower and lowly mill
Goes wandering at its own free will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles, my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh, and fair, and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

Pictures of Life.

EVELYN VILLARS;

OR,

A COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD.

(CONTINUED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ISABEL DENISON."

CHAPTER XIV.

No charmed lot is thine, my child,
But with thy web of life
A silver thread is twined, to shine
Mid days of storm and strife. *Anon.*

It was Christmas Eve at Wilmington. Mr. Harcourt and Juliet had returned that day, and several other old friends of Mr. Villars had come to spend a few days with him.

Mr. Villars was talking at one end of the drawing-room; it was about ten o'clock. Close to the first sat Evelyn with her work-frame, and Mr. Harcourt by her side.

Evelyn had kept pretty well to her resolution of not speaking of Colonel Maxwell; indeed, she had not lately had the power to speak of him with much satisfaction; but now, when Mr. Harcourt asked her so kindly if she was happy, she found herself telling him that she was happy, but that she wished she could have heard something from Rome.

"I suppose Miss Maxwell does not get well so fast as I thought she would. I suppose I must wait, but sometimes I think that I am very nearly tired. I suppose you would say, Mr. Harcourt, that waiting is one of the things I have [...]

"Why, Campbell tells me that Maxwell is going to be married to—to—" he hesitated, and turned away his head for a moment, "to Clarice Melville—in fact, that they are married. It was to be last Monday, the 20th, I think. There is no doubt about it, I am afraid. What is to be done?"

Evelyn approached again. "Really, Henry," she said, rather pettishly, "I can not bear this; I never did like whispering and mysteries;" and she sat down with a very determined look to her work.

Henry nodded up his head in his old manner.

"Well, I don't care, Henry; I will ask any body if it is not disagreeable to be sent off in that sort of way. I should like to know what you would say if Mr. Harcourt and I began to whisper, instead of talking to you."

"Evelyn is right," said Mr. Harcourt, kindly; "it is disagreeable to have mysteries. Henry wanted to ask my advice," he continued, looking at her rather gravely; "and I know you would not have minded if he had told you so; but we will leave it till another time."

"Oh! no, I will go now," she said, her petulance vanishing at the least word of kindness. As she got up, she bent her head over her work for a moment, and said to Mr. Harcourt, with a smile, though the tears stood in her eyes, "I was a little disappointed, and I am afraid that has made me cross."

She did not wait for an answer, but hurried to the piano-forte, and began to play.

Henry sat down again by Mr. Harcourt; but the latter stopped him. "Do go to her, Henry—don't worry her more than is necessary. You can come to my room after she is gone to bed;" and he sat down in deep thought, while Henry followed his cousin.

Henry's story, when calmly and quietly told to Mr. Harcourt after Evelyn was gone to bed, appeared to be too correct and circumstantial to leave any doubt of its truth; and, after a long conference, the latter undertook to break the news to Mr. Villars without further delay, as it was possible that otherwise the information might reach Evelyn's ears in some sudden way. For this purpose, Mr. Harcourt went at once to Mr. Villars's room.

The indignation, the passion, of the father was violent—too violent, perhaps, to be lasting. He stamped with his foot till the very walls seemed to shake—he clenched his fist—every epithet of abuse, every threat of vengeance that rises so easily to the lips of an enraged man, burst from his mouth, and were lavishly bestowed on Colonel Maxwell. That he should dare so to insult *him*—that he should dare so to behave to Evelyn—that he could have the heart to bring a cloud on her bright spirit—Evelyn, his bright Evelyn! And Mr. Harcourt stood by, outwardly calm, but feeling within a scorn, a bitterness, an indignation, which all Mr. Villars's violence but feebly expressed.

At last, the storm of her father's passion was exhausted; and he came and stood before Mr. Harcourt, and asked him what he advised him to do.

"To do nothing," was Mr. Harcourt's answer. "In honor, he is engaged to Evelyn, but scarcely in word; and, if even he were so, in such cases it always appears to me that the steps that are taken to repair an evil which can not be repaired, lower all parties and do good to none. If Colonel Maxwell rejects the priceless treasure which you were willing to have given him, the loss is his—leave him to his own conscience. For Evelyn, my hope would be that her life's happiness can not be engaged; and that her sunny, elastic spirit will bear her through this trouble. One of a woman's severest trials, the wound to her pride, I trust she need feel but little, for so few know of her engagement. Will you break it to her, or," he asked, with an anxious desire that his offer should be accepted, "will you intrust it to me? I will do it as gently as I can."

"Oh! you must do it, Harcourt—I could no more bear to see her tears—villain!" he said, gnashing his teeth.

"I will do it, then, to-morrow," replied Mr. Harcourt; and he left the room.

CHAPTER XV.

Oh! novra vita, ch'e si bella in vista,
Com' perde agevolmente in un mattino
Quel che in molt' anni a gran pena s'acquista.
Petrarca.

Evelyn came down to breakfast the following [...]

[...]

Selected Sketch.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK.

THE SURPRISE PARTY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. and Mrs. Atherton, and their two daughters, Helen and Alice, were sitting one evening in January, enjoying a new book, which one of the latter was reading aloud, when a ring was heard. The reader paused, and, for a few moments, they remained listening and expectant.—A servant went to the door.

"Are the ladies at home?" was heard asked, in a man's voice.

Then a movement, as of two or three persons entering, was noticed.

"I wonder who they are?" said Alice.

"Some one has gone up stairs," remarked Mrs. Atherton, who had been listening. "You'd better go and see who it is, Helen."

The daughter was about rising to do as her mother had suggested, when one of the parlor doors opened, and a young gentleman, dressed with great care, presented himself.

"Mr. A——! How are you this evening? I'm very happy to see you!" said Mr. Atherton, advancing to meet the young man, and welcoming him cordially.

The others greeted him in return, and he then took a seat among them.

"I'm sure some persons went up stairs," said Mrs. Atherton, speaking aside to Helen.

"True. I heard them plainly." And Helen retired from the room. As she came to the foot of the stairway in the passage, she was a little surprised to find a light in the room which opened from the first landing, and to perceive, through the half-opened door, the figures of two or three persons moving within. She went up quickly and entered. Three young girls, intimate acquaintances, were there, all tastefully dressed, and displaying a profusion of ornament.

"Why, Anna!—Jane!—Cordelia!" fell from the lips of Helen, as she grasped a hand of each in succession, and exchanged salutations. Then there came a pause. Helen's countenance assumed a quick, thoughtful air; while her young [...]

creditors began to form themselves in his mind, and his sensitive feelings were already beginning to shrink painfully in anticipation, when he saw Mr. Adams enter the store.

"I am told that your paper has lost over to-day," said the latter, as he took the hand of Albertus.

"You've heard aright. The notary left me but a little while ago."

"For what amount have you been called?"

"Three thousand dollars."

"How much more will you need to carry you through?"

"You lose from ten thousand dollars."

"You shall have it, Mr. Atherton. I labored under a false impression regarding you, when I declined the arrangement you wished to make a week ago. Here is the money you need to-day." And he drew forth his pocket-book as he spoke. "Get your paper out of the hands of the notary before he can protest it. To-morrow I will see you and arrange a time."

Before Mr. Atherton could recover from his surprise, and express his grateful feelings, Adams had turned from him and was leaving the store. On the next day all was arranged to had been promised; and the merchant, who had been at the very brink of ruin, and actually failing over, was saved.

That was the last affair of the kind in which Bernet ever engaged; and the last inflicted on the Atherton. I had like to have proved more than a simple Surprise Party to them.

Miscellaneous.

"THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS."

The undersigned, representatives of the Stockbridge, new Stockbridge nation of Indians, pray their appeal before the President of the United States, to listen to them a few moments, believing when he has heard their history, he will be of the heart will feel for them, and he will have liberal justice done them.

Their history, like that of many of their brethren, is a sad narration of sufferings and wrongs; but they will tell it in as few words as possible. Our nation, the Mohicans, when the white man first came to this country, had their principal village on the island of Manhattan, now occupied by the great city of New York. That place still retains the name our people gave it, which signifies the beautiful island. We were then a mighty nation of wise men and warriors, but they have nearly all passed away. Our glory has departed. We are now a feeble people. Though our warriors and our wise men have departed, those that remain have learned from our white brothers the benefits of agriculture, the mechanic, the arts and sciences, and, above all, the truths of the gospel of the Son of God, the Saviour, which, while it has dissipated our dreams of happy hunting-grounds beyond the setting sun, has opened to us the green pastures and still waters of Paradise. We are now a civilized, Christian and enlightened people, having since abandoned the manners, habits, and customs of our fathers.

Our people, or our white brothers connected in numbers, moved in the State of Massachusetts, and from thence in the western part of the State of New York; but finding it impossible to remain there, we purchased lands of the Oneida Indians, with the consent of our great father. All that land was afterwards taken from the Oneidas by many thousand dollars. We were then forgotten. Afterwards, as two different occasions we sent our delegation to the great father of the Menominees and Winnebagoes, in the amount of millions of acres; but when promises large and purchase were encouraged and approved by the Secretary of War and our great father. Yet this same land was upon height of the Menominees and Winnebagoes, and we were forgotten till our former friends of the forest apart two hemisphere for us on Lake Winnebago. Yet after all our expenditures in these purchases, and in moving our people, we would have been homeless wanderers, if the State of New York reserved the pittance out of the general rum that our white brothers had brought upon us.

But our white brothers are like the wave-cloud, that covers the white earth. They settle around us, and no length time our lands. The Senecas again beforehand us, and, in an unexcitement in the treaty of 1838, got a deed of our lands from the Menominees, and that our people should be consulted in the making of it. We were hoped to have secured a still better deal, but the country allotted to us, has not yet been purchased from the Senecas; and we have heard that by that our white brothers wish to move us far North near the Grand River of the Lakes of the Menominees and Winnebagoes, where our own resid not ripen, where our labor would be in vain, and where we must spend our brief season agricultural pursuits, and obtain a living by hunting and fishing. Should that course be decided upon, our utter ruin will eventually follow; all the labor and toil of years will be accumulating for our young men, prompted by necessity, and following the instinct of humanity, which compels them to determine rather than perish, will throw off the powerful pursuits of agriculture for war and the chase. Bloodshed, cruelty, and superstition, will usurp the places of peace, harmony, and Christian fellowship; our churches will be converted into medicine-lodges, and our school-houses into trading posts.

We cannot believe that our great father will permit his red children, who have always been his friends, and fought for his country in its wars, to be thus destroyed. The religion we profess is calculated to take care for our souls and those of our children, forbid it. Humanity, in contemplating such a sacrifice, shrieks tears of sympathy and calls on us to arise and try to prevent it. And why should it be? Nothing but evil necessarily can result to good can flow from it!

Oh, look upon the immense regions in the East, over which our heroic fathers ruled—where they fought, bled and died for the whites, and where their ashes rest undisturbed, unmarked, and unhonored, save in the hearts of their few descendants; and say, cannot you spare to those pieces of land a little spot out of your vast territory, where they can be supported by their labor, that they shall be called to join their fathers in the spirit land? The more valuable our country; we were a mighty people! Now our children never see the utmost borders of their fathers' land. We are fast passing away. It is the will of Heaven that our race shall become extinct, we will not oppose to that; but till that time shall come, thrust us not from among you—drive us not forth to wander as hungry and naked, over the frozen plains and desert regions of the North! We wish to gather the remnants of our people together, and honor your word of the Messengers, and below the Great Falls of St. Anthony, where we have cultivated and improved, derived from our white brothers, and be enabled to greater exertions in the good course by their example; and our hearts tell us that our great father will grant our request, that he will not permit his white brothers to crowd us upon upon his red children, and that he will instruct his officers accordingly.

We also pray that orders may be given to permit us to occupy the lands on Lake Winnebago, which we request, till our new home is purchased for us; and that all back annuities, &c., may be paid to our brother and friend, Captain Jacobs, of the treaty of 1839.

We have lived with our great father of our sufferings and our fears, because we know that while he is a great nation, he loves to red children, and wishes to see them peaceful and happy; and we are sure, that when he is about passing to a better world, he contemplates the fate of these beautiful these, and that their earnest prayers, and those of their friends, hitherto ascend to Heaven for blessings on him and his, will not to smooth his pathway to the tomb.

JNO. W. QUINNEY,
AUSTIN E. QUINNEY.

To his excellency,

J. TAYLOR,
President of the United States.

FRIENDS STONE FENCE.—It has been but a few years since the enthusiasm of fruit has been in the midst of the country, and the fruit is the interior of the branches, instead of cutting off limbs at the trunk. This system of stretching, as we it is called, is gaining ground, and it is a great improvement. The reason for the mode of pruning not evident on examination. Most kinds of trees fruit on vigorous wood; and hence the greatest part of the fruit are now much which is, of course, near the ends of the limbs. In this way a tree spreads over much land, and the naked branches near the trunk are starving at last. The trunk causes the grass to case out, which sometimes endangers the health also of the tree.

On the contrary, by pruning at the ends of the branches, the tree is confined to a small space, the wounds have no unfavorable effect, as only affect the twigs and not the trunk, and much new wood is produced for the production of fruit.

☞ Mr. Partington propounds some very important questions. Her last inquiry is, "if the bills before Congress are not considered, why should there be such difficulty in passing them?" Mrs. P. is at present passing for a reply.

THE COTTON WAR.

That there is a war of prices now raging in the cotton world between the American producing and the British consuming interests, is a fact which, for some time past, has been admitted to every observer—and, indeed, has been, in a certain extent, felt, directly or indirectly, by various classes on both sides of the water. Prices are dominated which are not conceded; influences are brought to bear which are unexpected; the English spinner believes the crop of 1842-43 to be sufficient to warrant the low rates he wishes to realize; and the American planter is persuaded there is a deficiency which must embrace prices and will remunerate him for his labor back; and the consequence is that the stock is retained in this country, speculating, for the time, like so much bullion locked up in private cellars or the vaults of the Sub-Treasury, diminishing and appreciating the ordinary intermediate currency of the country, and producing some inconvenience in the money market.

The evil, however, must be regarded as a temporary one. The war will soon come to an end. The spinner is destined to be defeated. All advices from the South confirm the low estimate of the crop, and the consequent rise in prices. We have no other result—unless Europe should suddenly fall in some new convulsion, paralyzing her manufacturing industry and extinguishing the demand for cotton—than that of falling prices in favor of the planter. The spinner must have his raw material, or shut up his mill; and he must do that, or yield the cession of prices to the producer who is now beginning to feel his power, and contrives the force of a combination. The spinners of England, and canvassed with much seriousness and some issue. In fact, the present crisis last illustrates in a very interesting way the tremendous engine which America has in her hands—her cotton crops—capable of being wielded, at any moment, against the manufacturing population of Great Britain. If its enormous power was quoted, as we feel inclined to quote again, the remarkable sentiment uttered by Macaulay, in his "Western World," depicting the despondence of England upon the cotton of the United States for the supply of her looms, we should be inclined to say, more, almost for her political existence—

"This is a dependence," says he, "which cannot be contemplated with indifference. As regards the food in the country, we are as much in the mercy of America as if we were starving, as we should be were we locked up in her ports. We need not withhold her wheat: America could starve us by withholding her cotton. A combination of three governments may be supposed, in which America, at little cost to herself, might strike us to the ground with famine, and in which the attempt, by momentarily crippling our industry, might push a mid deprive of case of the half of the world. Fill England with provisions—let her harbors be choked and her granaries be crammed to the roof with their wheat, and you would she present us a stoppage of one year's supply of cotton. We should be more terrified her in the first then all the armaments which Europe could send against her. What a tremendous power in this the hands of a rival! The day may come, when such an enemy will be found, when the interest may drive her to the policy of shutting up our English factories, and crushing our English trade. She has, as it were, at her command the means of inflicting on us, from which all escape is averted, and has only to close the sluices, when she wishes our machinery to stop."

This is a view of the matter that, should a war suddenly arise between the two countries, it would be the best and most efficacious, as it would be the cheapest and most bloodless for the United States to wage it, with certainly of a full and speedy triumph, to entrap the cotton crop—buy it, at double prices even—every bale of it, after the crop of its own manufactures was chose of friendly states—and make a bonfire of it. The cost of a dash-blow to England would be the price of the crop, and the profit—Ha, ha! May we never, however, have occasion to strike the one or burn the other.

The check of cotton exports and the accumulation of cotton in the Sub-treasury have, together, we must say, created more embarrassment than the occasion has justified by the circumstances. Both inconvenience, as things stand, are remedied, and they are likely to continue to be remedied, by the increased value of gold from California, and the activity of the mint and its branches. Let the crop of cotton continue at the rate of from twenty to thirty millions a year—an average which we may assume—and the sub-treasury gluts, even if pretty long continued. The wants of the Government are, moreover, such as must always prevent the accumulation of coin in the sub-treasury gluts beyond a very inconvenient point. Twenty millions of gold, by-and-bye, would very soon—the manufacturers of England will be satisfied that lower is better than high, keeping up the war in the cotton market, the only effect of which is, practically—though only practically—to lower the price of cotton by withholding of "the motive power" from British manufactures. We have no fear, therefore, of delay, regarding it as a general measure of coercion, to be applied to the white States, should forward with so much undisguised apprehension.—*North American.*

EUROPEAN NOTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The London correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer makes the following just remarks in regard to American affairs in Europe:

We greatly overrate both the amount and value of the influence of our institutions on the popular mind of Europe. The great mass of the people on the continent are either totally ignorant of our national existence, or have the most confused notions of our geographical position, our history, our character and our form of government. The Count de Montemolin, who laughed at the idea of Washington, if he was that horrid King Louis Philippe's son, who pranced Napoleon I.'s dog Nero, and who was congratulated on the day that was plenty rich, since he has got so much gold from California, are specimens of what is called that: America is the front kingdom in Europe, Texas and the Western Indian tribes, which the Canadians, at Pampero, who could expound antiquities most admirably, but had never even so much as heard of America, is little more than a means of the intelligence generally possessed on the continent of European reporting on matters. In truth, how should it be otherwise? Nearly the principality and sovereignty in Europe has a large proportion of the remainder are both too much occupied with their own affairs or too uncultivated to care for information. The educated classes are the most undisguised and perverted ideas concerning us. They know, indeed, that we are a Republic, but they have no proper conception of the principles which guide the movements of our government: they understand that we have liberty, but they are ignorant of the moral strength which enables it safely to exist; and our statistical and legal barriers which keep it in. They have heard of our battles, but, as a rule, when even in England, which has twenty times more than the people fail. So little do they know that the authorities found it convenient to call upon the people, by assembling a local militia, to suppress a riot, and that the same of the distinguished stranger, to inquire what was the cause of the riot, what he was armed, and where he expected to go to.

The Court displayed to these astonished eyes the resources and wealth possessed by the State, forming them that he was perfectly competent to pay his own debts without any help from the Federal Government. Nothing could be more courteous services, on the plea that the people owed it to some way to be attracted by a compliance with such a request. The remarks of the Tribune are not less suited to this latitude than New York, and therefore we copy them at length.

TALKING OF BUSINESS.—There is an impression that business men are always talking of it, and to our day, which we must admit to on the whole is true enough, but there are occasions when it is not almost very often. It is that of absorbing their time and their conversation, and engrossing their whole attention, to the exclusion of all else. A man goes to his lawyer for counsel, to his doctor for health, to his pastor for the salvation of his labor he hoped, &c., &c., and expects to pay a certain compensation for it. But if he visits the necessitous made in a newspaper that may be worth five, ten, or fifty dollars to him, he considers calculates to secure the account with a dry look, or a quite impressive countenance. This is not right, and we have had our full share of it. If a man has discovered a new principle or a machine, or done anything else which he considers valuable to the public, he has a right to any proper that he should receive a due account thereof in any fashion, to be used as he may see fit. But the idea that he is under any duty to pecuniary reward, and to personally enlighten every inquirer.

We are very glad to receive such information, and we have no doubt that it will be the subject of a new lobby-dance, wheelbarrow or check-horse exhibition, across a table from a person, that the time and talents of one of its writers, and the use of the columns of the paper, for which their proper case to enhance his pecuniar interest, be of a stronger and a weak; it is difficult to direct them without payment. Say that we have a friend who has a new kind of a steam engine, and he wishes to take it in the hope and the hope of procuring a few dollars by the sale of it? Is he obliged to be asked to be solicited, and he not bound? so may a lawyer's on a case submitted to him; but that is one class of facts, and does not invalidate the counsel's claim to payment. We are sure and will the assumption of having our time taken from us, by persons who seek to appropriate it to their own use and profit. The publication office of a newspaper, and its Editor's study, are the place at which application should be made in reference to business matters. Editors have little time to waste or give away. And here is one who has resolved to give away much less of his time hereafter than heretofore.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in the city was 187—adults 93, and children 104.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to which they now receive it, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All communications containing letters to us should be carefully to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to our address when they can do so conveniently.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old Dents, the Postmasters, will greet themselves and put up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so. We think there should be a great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the freebie paper will hesitate to pay it extra postage.

This Olivia herself is not made interesting to us by any one trait in her character. Her beauty, and the romantic interest she meets with from her coarse and brazen seducer, is all she has to recommend her to the sympathy of our readers. Her affection has its worst effect upon her, the effect of lost the delicacy of her sex. She is the tender epithet bestowed on her sister brought a song to her heart, and a tear to her eye; and as the daughter of Mendon, she forgets all that it has been, as her former guilt, though driven to it by repentance, is not to be wiped out of her mind. It is just as well we do not get more intimate with her than we do, for the reader is not evident that in proportion as we know them better, we should like them less.

But the life of Olivia brought him acquainted with so higher specimens of the sex? Had his Old Aunt Dinah no better friend than Uncle Cottaston, with whom he used to practise boxing, and talk slavery? Had he not a more refined impression of female society than we are reflected in *The Year of Wakefield*? Or, must we undertake to believe that he was not familiar with the women of his time? Or, shall we seek a better solution for it in the peculiar nature of the literature of that period? We suspect the last man much to do with it.

New Publications.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, Graham for May contains a well engravings, entitled "They and Serious," "The Mountain Spring," and "The Game of Draughts." The last will attract the eye of every sportsman. We have always had an assent get the cavalier into a corner, in two moves. The arrangement of the men is as follows: Fowling, J. M. Legare, E. P. Whipple, H. Hastings Weld, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, and Miss K. Benzer, U. S. A.; Kana Doral, Mrs. Eames, &c. &c. As a specimen of the poetry we quote Mr. Fowling's pearls.

LINES

TO MRS. S. PRESTON

Sweet mom, in whose soft lineaments I trace
To gaze on thy pale orb tonight,
And think of the days that are past,
I passed with her, my soul's delight.

Hill, vale and wood and stream were dyed
In the soft hues of twilight,
As first we wandered, side by side.

Then, as now, the moon was shining,
And many a high and fervent vow
Was breathed from her full heart and mine,
Which death alone can disallow.

Like pure religion's vest and sign.

We knew, alas! that we must part,
That fate had willed it so, and long
That joy was in each throbbing heart,
Yet sad we were to go.

In addition to the above, there was strung a thousand memories of the past.

Were hung in each glowing breast,
And hope upon her pinions bore
Her rainbow hues—but we were blest.

I craved a lock—a single lock
There was a wild, delicious time—
Of her bright tresses, and she took
From a more impassioned knot

The parting curse—not moment lost!
Ere I had thanked her for the favor,
Those gems—and there I stood in grief
Of all my hopes bereft.

Yet me, sweet muse, for them exist not,
If passion still unchanged is born—
Still fresh the memory of that spot
Among her many woods green!

But, does she sometimes wander now
Where first I told my love?
To mark its beauties her magnificence
The Queen of Night above?

Oh, where her gentle feet are roving,
Or where her fairy fingers twine,
And tell me if my image yet
Is pictured tenderly in them?

Ah, yes! she will, she knows that I
As wildly as of yore for me—
Her heart beats fondly as of old,
Or is that young heart changed like them?

Oh, be thy beauty, fair, reflect shine,
Be it as bright as it has been,
Be it as pure as it has been,
Be it as fair as it has been.

MONEY RAISE AND TUMBLE.—This is a translation from the French, and possesses more than a common interest at this time. It is a humorous, yet philosophical view of the operations of the fantastical character of the translation in which it is done is very good. The following is a specimen of the whole:

The warrior-horse lies no more, and God gives us no longer his holy prophets; as it is that we now require of him the miracle of money. Let time—valor, heroism and the rapt faith and fascinating tones of prophecy, that deep religion and earnestness which once swung the battle-axe and drove home the sword, his song must have that charm which can make the money we have borrowed from God's own altar. But the days of miracles are past, and the days of heroism of his age, as to live out its highest and strongest life, it must have a substitute—and that substitute must be found in the power of the pennies."

The same truth in the hands of a fool and a knave is a dangerous thing. Hence the necessity of the glass which reveals to a philosopher the spirit of the age, and enables him to look into the very bottom of his fingers. How many weak men have been ruined by this very thing!

A brilliant discovery has been made, which will be of great value to invalids. A person has found out a method by which the sick can live all the brilliancy of a opera candle. Here is a discovery which ought to be patented at once, and monopolized. Wonderful age.—*N. Y. Courier.*

☞ In the times of national disorder, great men are always found to step forward and take the helm of the state. Washington was called from the large lumps came to the top when you shake the bag.

☞ Mayor's Decision of Education.—I have no doubt that the best education is that which has a man to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of life.

☞ It is customary with some young ladies to put a little cream in the bottom of a breakfast cup, and then fill the cup with coffee. Here is a chance for a pun on no better grounds than those of tea or coffee.

☞ A man used to boasts, and really well read, that he had "a head for figures," and could run through page by page. He knows where the figures are, and he has a good memory, and can tell you where to find them, and how many there are, where the trout or salmon lie, and how many there were a fish since the creation.

Political News.

☞ Gen. James Hamilton was named by the Governor of South Carolina as the successor in the United States Senate to Mr. Calhoun.

There being doubts of its regularity, the Senate of Texas has passed a law to legalize the election of Mayor—Kemp, Senator—Rusk, Members—Democrat, 2,000; Whig, 1,400.

☞ Gov. Johnston, of Texas, has vetoed the bill passed by the Legislature, appointing the Governor, Secretary of State and Attorney General Commissioners to settle the boundary of Texas. The reasons are its impossibility. A new bill has been introduced.

☞ Massachusetts.—The Hon. Benjamin Rand has declined to be a candidate for Congress in the Fifth District of Massachusetts, has declined standing as such any longer, it being understood that he will be a candidate to be selected, he retires so as to let Mr. Ripley have a clear field.

☞ Supreme Convention Election of Georgia.—The Augusta Constitutionalist of the 18th contains the election of delegates in the Nashville Convention, west of the portions day, in that city, "with great quiet," and it adds "with great regularity." The whole vote polled in the city for the nominees was 181. The Constitutionalist intimates that very few besides the Democrats voted at all.

☞ Governor or Mr. Calhoun.—The Governor of South Carolina has offered the vacant seat in the United States Senate to Langdon Cheves, but he has declined accepting it.

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

New Brighton, March 29th, 1850.

Governor Johnston has been speaking very genially, with a few delicious sunny days, most favorable for riding and rambling, and inspiring me with a strong desire to see more of the environment. But Jack Frost seems to have taken the place of the sun, and the keen, cold winds are upon us. We are shut up in our fireplaces, and "Queen of Frost," or "Ode to Winter," would be most appropriate for us at the weather, "and give back *Jessie the Flower.*" What wonder if one is reduced to subjects like these, when the "poetic fervor" is as much as making scrap-tables, and writing letters by the piece.

There are a few books lying on my table, which should have received some notice long ere this, and if you will indulge me a little while, I will say my unofficial, unauthoritative, yet sincere word about my contributing there.

First of all, I have read Browning, carefully and thoroughly. This poet has been so little read in our country, as to be best known in many as the husband of Elizabeth Barrett, and, already, he has a higher distinction, a grandeur which even fame cannot overshadow; and there, in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" are "as the when Moses married." He is the one to whom all the world's most beautiful sonnet, paid that splendid compliment—

"Shakspeare is not our poet, but the world's;
Therefore, on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning!"

One is almost afraid to venture a word, after that.

This poet is, I believe, a great problem to the critics. He is, at once, deeply original, extraordinary and mystical; but he is never meaningless. There is evidence to be seen in the entire thread of sense through the intricate labyrinth of expression, he comes to something of value, and the labor of reading is all, "sun-dogged, shadows" where the beauty is deeper and richer for the mystery. Browning is the master of the dungeon of the inner light in Dr. Webster's murder case. Mr. Webster's family are shocked at the revelations of the inner life of the murderer, which they never dreamed, and believe have been invented. But Browning has produced half in actual crop, on almost all the secret dungeons of the heart. Eye Evil has been in the habit of reading Mr. Hale's letters to Miss Fuller, and has been shocked at the revelations of the inner life of the writ

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1836.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Congressional News

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 9th, Mr. Webster, on his motion, was excused from serving on the Committee to convey Mr. Calhoun's remains to South Carolina.

After the transaction of the morning business, and a short conversation as to the priority of special orders, the Senate took up the Census Bill.

After the consideration and disposition of sundry amendments, which, for a long time, occasioned long debate upon the several amendments and propositions, the Senate, rather suddenly, came to a conclusion, at 4 o'clock adjourned.

On the 11th, Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, presented a large number of anti-slavery petitions.

Mr. Clay called the attention of the Senate to the fact that the greater portion of these petitions were in print and similar, for the purpose of showing that there was a concerted movement among the abolitionists to create a general excitement in various sections of the country, by sending forth petitions in printed form, as concerted, insidiously, and returned to the Senate.

Mr. Hale called the Senate to order, for speaking without a motion being made.

Mr. Clay, with his west, gravely smiled, and demanding a statement of the point of order.

After the conversation on the point of order,

Mr. Clay proceeded in a strain of strong indignation against the Abolitionists, and the effect which, as the worst enemies of the slaves of the South, they are calculated to produce. He said he made the declaration with a sort of conviction, that he had ridden into power and place. Individuals of this description, although professing to be the best friends of the slaves, were in fact only friends to themselves.

Mr. Hale declared his determination to do his duty, in his humble way, despite all and every threat and threatening and abusive denunciation. He then presented another anti-slavery petition from New York.

Mr. Hale raised the question of reception, and submitted some remarks in deprecation of a petition purporting to be from slaves, and praying for the enactment of books to the million of the United States.

Mr. Butler spoke at length in favor of the reception of the petition of the large that the same was respectful and decent, and that it was the right of the petitioners to petition.

Mr. Clay moved that the paper be rejected.

Mr. Southard briefly explained the grounds he had acted on the petition in accordance with the view of the petitioners, which he had therefore briefly expressed in reply to the attacks made upon him personally. He had only to add, that he had not examined the motives of others, and never should. He thought it would be ever desirable to receive from the consciences, or abstain, or redirect upon his conscience, the duty of receiving petitions never should.

The yeas and nays being taken on Mr. Clay's motion, it was unanimously adopted.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the Census Bill.

After considerable debate, and the adoption of numerous amendments, the bill was reported to the Senate, the amendments concurred in, and the bill passed.

After a brief Executive Session, the Senate adjourned over.

On the 11th, Mr. Cass presented the joint resolutions of the Legislature of Michigan, instructing the instructions given to the Senators and Representatives from that State to vote for the Wilmot Proviso.

Mr. Cass expressed his pleasure in offering the resolution, remarking that they were a perfect reflection of the sentiments of the people of Michigan as such.

Mr. Douglass presented a memorial in favor of securing to actual settlers the public lands, and moved that it be printed, and expressed the hope that action would be had on the subject before the session closed, and not suffer it to be swept into the fall lands and Water Grant bill, which he considered unjust to the transportation of the large amount of produce.

Mr. Seward moved that the petition might be reported. He had no doubt that the Senate had supplied all the facilities necessary for the consideration of the subject, but if the petitioners should soon be completed, when it would be too late for action, he should move to take up the bill for the purpose of bringing it on, and to attach the petition required for the granting of pre-emption rights to the West. He considered the petition, as under that he might call the attention of the Committee on Public Lands to the petition of New York to the subject, as one of great consequence to the people of that State.

Mr. Douglass regretted that Mr. Seward should oppose the reception of the petition.

Mr. Seward replied that he wanted only to keep the petition before the Senate.

Mr. Hamlin, from the Committee on Commerce, reported the bill to authorize the Secretary of the Navy to restore the officers discharged some years since, which, after a few remarks, passed.

The Senate resumed the consideration of Mr. Webster's resolution, the object of which, Mr. Webster stated, was to obtain a better knowledge of matters of fact, with instructions to endeavor to report some plan of compromise which would be just to all the countries arising out of the instructions of Congress.

Mr. Baldwin had moved an amendment, proposing that the question of the admission of Texas should not be connected with the questions referred to the Committee of Thirteen, by the adoption of the latter amendment.

Mr. Webster addressed the Senate, stating facts in support of the position assumed by him, that the Texas question was one which could not have been coupled the admission of a State, without great impropriety.

Mr. Clay replied—agreeing with Mr. Webster in the propriety of connecting with some remarks for the purpose of showing that the Texas question, if it ever would be done to California, by referring the case to the Select Committee. There were two points in which Congress had any right to touch the question of slavery at all—the one was, there were several which he would not now enter into, and would not therefore be referred to any Committee. He, therefore, would never consent to any conference with another body in any way. He now read the act for the admission of Missouri, and the resolution for the admission admitting that measure.

Mr. Clay, in reply to Mr. Clay, denied that he relied upon precedents in the case of Missouri, but upon the principles and questions, asserting that his opinions were entirely unchanged. He had been a consistent opponent of the admission of California with the distracting subject of slavery.

Mr. King corroborated the statement of Mr. Clay on the two subjects as proposed.

Mr. King moved the previous question, whether the Senate would raise the Select Committee or not.

Mr. Webster said he had no objection to the withdraw for Mr. Webster, who expressed his readiness to vote for the Committee, but he could not consent himself to support any measure which shall make the admission of California dependent upon any other measure. He would not consent to the admission of the proceeds through the instrumentality of any other measure. If such State bills, it would be compelled to pay or continue to move in the consideration of territorial governments, and vice versa, the question must either of both subjects would be avoided. In conclusion, he said that he was ready to vote for the admission of California as an independent measure, and that he would vote for the admission of Texas as an independent measure.

Mr. Webster briefly addressed the Senate, stating facts in support of the position assumed by him, that the two questions of Texas and California never before coupled the admission of a State with any other question.

Mr. Clay replied—agreeing with Mr. Webster in the propriety of connecting with some remarks for the purpose of showing that the Texas question, if it ever would be done to California, by referring the case to the Select Committee. There were two points in which Congress had any right to touch the question of slavery at all—the one was, there were several which he would not now enter into, and would not therefore be referred to any Committee. He, therefore, would never consent to any conference with another body in any way. He now read the act for the admission of Missouri, and the resolution for the admission admitting that measure.

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Mr. Webster

Selected Poetry.

THE WATER-CRESS GIRL.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

"Music, with thy tenderest tones,
Gentle Minnie, tell me, pray,
What should we not wame-crowns
Thyself the sweetest month of May?
Minnie, all the birds are singing,
Summer sounds around us ringing,
Breaks are rippling, flowers are springing;
All the world looks bright and gay;
Minnie, with thy hooded tresses,
Cast away those water-cresses,
Let us also sing and play!

Minnie, then sighed with smile so lovely
As the high-born ladies smile;
Dance so well, and dress so nicely,
Think so kindly all the while,
Gentle Minnie, why should we
Be beneath this aged tree,
Listening all the live-long day
Only to this wild bird's lay?

Minnie, then should we be a lady,
With thy hand so soft and white,
Leave the out so dark and shady,
Leave this life of toil and care?
Let us go where bright lamps glitter
Gaily in their silken sheen;
Country robes for them were fitter
Than the rustic green has been.

* * * * * * *

Minnie, then should'st deck thy hair
With the glittering diamond bright;
Hang around thy neck so fair
Pearls that coiners could'nt more white.

* * * * * * *

Every creature seems delighting
To be in spring's bright sunshine found;
In the world not more inviting,
Minnie, then this house of care?
Is the lark not free to fly
High above the morning cloud?
Minnie, why should you and I
What upon the rock and ground?
Minnie, with thy hooded tresses,
Gentle Minnie, tell me, pray,
Why should we still water-cresses
Through the pleasant month of May?

* * * * * * *

"Little brother, kind and true,
Still the tireless tongue I fear
Are the skies not bright and blue?
Doth the sun not scarcely stare?
Can the rich mans heart be open
With more real pomp and splendor
Than the grass and flowers we gather,
Underneath thy curious tread?

"Little brother, all are equal
Why not let her toil be mine?
Can there be a more unequal
Than that Heaven has willed it thus?
Now thy hooded, and thy tresses
Nor the sunbeam smiles upon them;
Darker days and rougher weather
Will they not be for them then.
Day by day, and hour by hour,
Hush thy murmuring, and we will!
He who placed us here could see
What was best for time and me!"

Leaves from History

THE TULIP MANIA.

FROM "POPULAR DELUSIONS,"

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The tulip,—so named, it is said, from a Turkish word, *tulipan*, a turban,—was introduced into Western Europe about the middle of the sixteenth century. Conrad Gesner, who claims the merit of having brought it into repute,—little dreaming of the extraordinary commotion it was to make in the world,—says that the first one it in the year 1559, in a garden at Augsburg, belonging to the learned Counsellor Herwart, a man very famous in his day for his collection of rare curiosities. The tulip was next seen in this gentleman by a friend at Constantinople, where the flower had long been a favorite. In the course of ten or eleven years after this period, tulips were much sought after by the wealthy, especially in Holland and Germany.—Each people at Amsterdam sent for the bulbs direct to Constantinople, and paid the most extravagant prices for them. The first roots planted in England were brought from Vienna, in 1600. Until the year 1634 the tulip mania had not become a reputation, until it was deemed a proof of bad taste in any man of fortune to be without a collection of them. Many learned men, including Peiresque, the friend of Gassendi, Scaliger, and Lipsius, the author of the treatise "De Constantia," were passionately fond of tulips. The rage for possessing them soon reached the middle classes of society, and merchants and shopkeepers, even of moderate means, began to vie with each other in the rarity of those flowers and the preposterous prices they paid for them. A trader at Harlem was known to lay out half of his fortune for a single root;—but with the design of selling it again at a profit. A bulb was his own conservatory for the admiration of his acquaintance.

One would suppose that there must have been some great virtue in these flowers to make them so valuable in the eyes of so prudent a people as the Dutch; but it has neither the beauty nor the perfume of the more costly flowers. They have "neither form, nor smell, nor color;" neither it is as enduring as others. Koenig, it is true, is loud in its praises. He says—

"The tulip is not surpassed, at once gay, The warmth, full of color, and full of play.
The world can't show a dye but here he has pure, Nor, by new mixtures, can new ranges be sure;
Purple and gold are both beneath her care—
The richest sandwork she loves to wear:
Her only study is to please the eye,
And to encourage her in this, we try."

This, though not very poetical, is the description of a poet. Beckmann, in his History of Inventions, paints it in more homely, and perhaps more pleasing than Cowley's poetry. He says:

"There are few plants which acquire, through accident, weakness, or disease, so many varieties as the tulip. When uncultivated, and in its natural state, it is almost of one color, has large leaves, and an extremely long stem.—When it has been weakened by cultivation, it becomes more agreeable in the eyes of the florist. The petals are torn, variegated, and more delicately shaded in hue; and the leaves acquire a softer green color. Thus, this magnificent flower, one of the most beautiful it turns, grows so much the weaker, in fact, that the gardener, in spite of most careful attention, it can scarcely be transplanted, or even kept alive."

Many persons grew insensibly attached to that which gives them a great deal of trouble; as a mother loves her sick and ever-ailing child better than her more healthy offspring.—Upon the same principle we must account for the unmerited encomia lavished upon these beggilee blossoms. In 1634, the rage among the Dutch to possess them was so great that for an inferior quality of the roots many sacrifices, and the population, even to its lowest dregs, embarked in the tulip trade. As the mania increased, prices augmented, until, in the year 1635, many persons were known to accept a fortune of 100,000 florins in the purchase of forty roots. If they became necessary to any of them by their weight in pence, a small weight less than a grain. A tulip of the species called *Semper Augustus*, was more valuable than one of 4,000 florins; an *Admiral Von Eenhoorn* than one of 2,500 florins; an *Admiral Von der Eyck*, a shade of 2,000 florins; a *viceroy* of 1,500 florins; a *Childer*, 1,200 florins; a *Gouda*, 1,000 florins; a *Rotterdam*, 1,000 florins; a *Maria*, 1,000 florins; a *Summer Crown*, 1,000 florins; a *Golden Crown*, 1,000 florins; a *Scarlet Crown*, 1,000 florins; a *Golden Standard*, 1,000 florins; a *Silver Standard*, 1,000 florins; a *Gilt Wagenaar*, 1,000 florins; a *Wagenaar*, 1,000 florins; a *Childer